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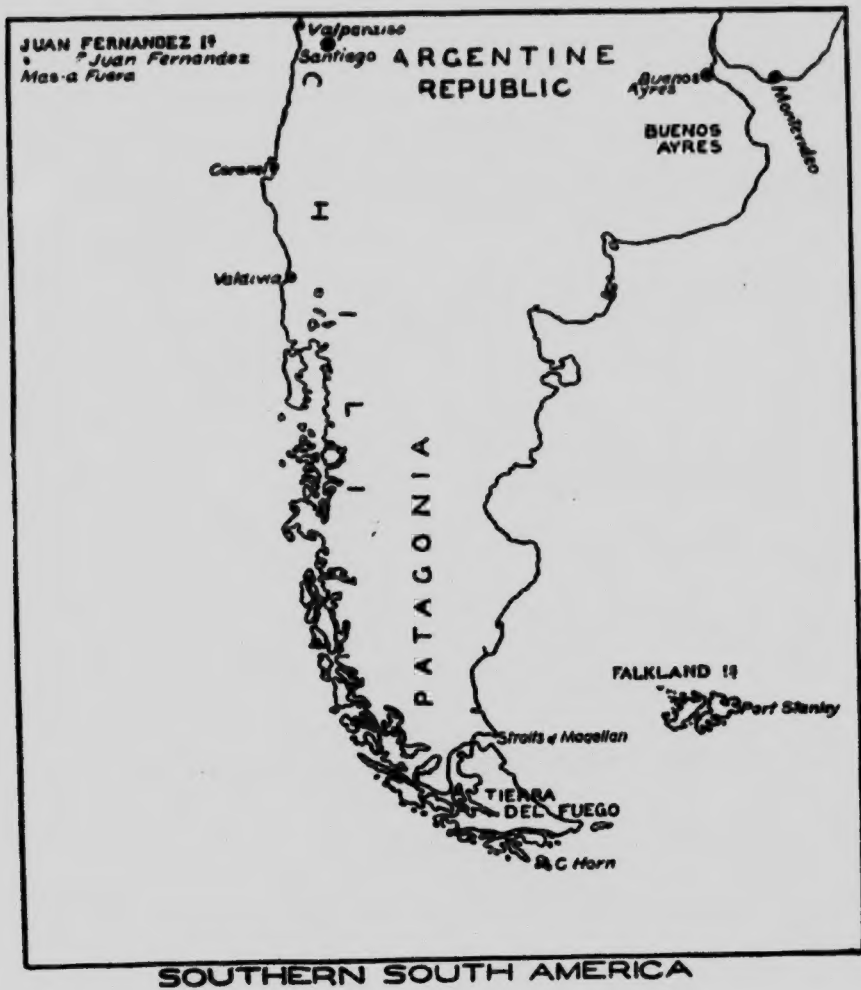
CORONEL AND THE
FALKLAND ISLANDS

BY

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CORONEL AND THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE PACIFIC TRADE ROUTES

IN 1592, John Davis, the arctic explorer, after whom the strait between Greenland and the North American mainland is named, made an attempt, in company with Thomas Cavendish, to find a new route to Asia by the Straits of Magellan. Differences arose between the two leaders. One was an explorer : the other had a tendency towards freebooting. They parted off the coast of Patagonia. Davis, driven out of his course by stormy weather, found himself among a cluster of unknown and uninhabited islands, some three hundred miles east of the Straits of Magellan. This group, after many changes and vicissitudes, passed finally into the hands of Great Britain, and became known as the Falkland Islands.

They consist of two large islands and of about one hundred islets, rocks, and sandbanks. The fragments of many wrecks testify to the dangers of navigation, though masses of giant seaweed act as buoys for many of the rocks. So numerous are the penguins, thronging in battalions the smaller islands and the inland lagoons, that the governor of the colony is nicknamed King of the Penguins. As New Zealand is said to be the most English of British possessions, the Falklands may

perhaps be appropriately termed the most Scottish. Their general appearance resembles that of the Outer Hebrides. Of the population, who number some 2,000, a large proportion are of Scottish extraction. The climate is not unlike that of the north-west of Scotland. The winters are misty and rainy, but not excessively cold. So violent are the winds, that it is said to be impossible to play tennis or croquet, unless walls are erected as shelter, while cabbages grown in the kitchen-gardens of the shepherds, the only cultivated ground, are at times uprooted and scattered like straw. The surface, much of which is bogland, is in some parts mountainous, and is generally wild and rugged. Small streams and shallow freshwater tarns abound. A natural curiosity, regarded with great wonder, exists in 'stone-rivers'; long, glistening lines of quartzite rock débris, which, without the aid of water, slide gradually to lower levels. There are no roads. Innumerable sheep, the familiar Cheviots and Southdowns, graze upon the wild scurvy-grass and sorrel. The colony is destitute of trees, and possesses but few shrubs. The one tree that it can boast, an object of much care and curiosity, stands in the Governor's garden. The seat of government, and the only town, is Port Stanley, with a population of about 950. Its general aspect recalls a small town of the western highlands of Scotland. Many of the houses, square, white-washed, and grey-slatted, possess small greenhouse-porches, gay with fuchsias and pelargoniums, in pleasing contrast to the prevailing barrenness. A small cathedral, Christ Church, and an imposing barracks, generally occupied by a company of marines, stand in the midst of the town. The Government House might be taken for an Orkney or Shetland manse. The administration of the colony and of its

dependencies is vested in a Governor, aided by a Colonial Secretary, and by an executive and a legislative council. The Governor acts as Chief Justice, and the Colonial Secretary as Police Magistrate. There is a local jail, capable of accommodating six offenders at a time. Its resources are not stated, however, to be habitually strained. Education is compulsory: the Government maintains schools and travelling teachers. The inhabitants are principally engaged in sheep-farming and seafaring industries. The colony is prosperous, with a trade that of late years has grown with extraordinary rapidity. The dividends paid by the Falkland Islands Company might excite the envy of many a London director. Stanley's importance has been increased by the erection of wireless installation; and as a coaling and refitting station for vessels rounding the Horn, the harbour, large, safe, and accessible, is of immense value.

To this remote outpost of empire came tidings of war in August, 1914. Great excitement and enthusiasm prevailed. News was very slow in getting through: the mails, usually a month in transit, became very erratic. But the colony eagerly undertook a share in the burden of the Empire; £2,250 was voted towards the war-chest; £750 was collected on behalf of the Prince of Wales's Fund. Detached, though keen, interest changed, however, as the weeks passed, to intimate alarm. The Governor, Mr. Allardyce, received a wireless message from the Admiralty that he must expect a raid. German cruisers were suspected to be in the neighbourhood. Never before had the colony known such bustle and such excitement. They, the inhabitants of the remote Falklands, were to play a part in the struggle that was tugging at the roots of the world's civilization. The exaltation of expectancy and of

danger broke suddenly into their uneventful, though not easy, lives. But there was cause for keen anxiety. The colonists were, however, reassured for a time by a visit from three British warships, the cruisers *Good Hope*, *Monmouth*, and *Glasgow*, with the armed liner *Otranto*.

The *Good Hope* had, at the declaration of war, been patrolling the Irish coast. She was ordered to sweep the Atlantic trade routes for hostile cruisers. She reached the coast of North America, after many false alarms, stopping English merchantmen on the way, and informing the astonished skippers of the war and of their course in consequence. When forty miles east of New York, Rear-Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock came aboard with his staff, and hoisted his flag. The Admiral turned southwards, sweeping constantly for the enemy. Passing through the West Indies, he proceeded to the coast of Brazil. Here he was joined by the *Glasgow*. The *Good Hope* had picked up the *Monmouth* previously. The three ships, accompanied by the auxiliary cruiser *Otranto*, kept a southerly course. The discovery at Pernambuco of twenty-three German merchantmen snugly ensconced behind the breakwater, in neutral harbour, proved very galling. The Straits of Magellan and the cold Tierra del Fuego were at length reached. The squadron was on the scent of three German cruisers, the *Leipzig*, *Dresden*, and *Nürnberg*. It was suspected that they had gone to coal in this remote corner of the oceans. Their secret and friendly wireless stations were heard talking in code. The British made swoops upon wild and unsurveyed bays and inlets. The land around was covered with ice and snow, and the many huge glaciers formed a sight wonderful to behold. But the search had proved fruit-

less. After rounding the Horn several times, the squadron had turned towards the Falklands.

The inhabitants could not long rely, however, upon these powerful guardians. The squadron, after coaling, departed, again bound for the Straits of Magellan and the Pacific. Its strength was certainly adequate to tackle with success the three German ships believed to be in the vicinity. The colony could depend upon Admiral Cradock to protect it to the best of his ability. But it was not improbable that the enemy might evade the patrolling cruisers, and descend upon the hapless Falklands without warning. The Governor saw the advisability of instant preparation. On October 19 he issued a notice that all women and children were to leave Stanley. Provisions, stores, and clothes were hastily removed into the interior, which was locally termed the 'camp'. The colony possessed a Volunteer Rifle Company, some 120 strong, and two nine-pounder field-guns. Further volunteers were enrolled and armed. Suddenly, on November 3, an alarming wireless message was received. The *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* were reported to have been sunk off the coast of Chili. It was unsigned. There was no proof of its authenticity. But the next day another message followed from the captain of the *Glasgow*. The disaster was confirmed. The *Glasgow*, in company with H.M.S. *Canopus*, was running with all speed for the Falklands. They were probably being followed by the victorious Germans. Four days of acute suspense followed. The situation seemed critical. The Governor passed several nights without taking off his clothes, in expectancy of wireless messages that needed instant decoding. People slept beside their telephones. Early in the morning of Sunday, November 8, the two warships arrived.

The *Glasgow* was badly damaged. An enormous hole, three feet by nine feet, gaped in her side. A shell had wrecked Captain Luce's cabin, giving off fumes such as rendered unconscious several men who rushed in to put out the fire. The vessel had escaped any serious outbreak, however, and had suffered only four slight casualties. Warm tributes were paid by the captain to the cool and disciplined conduct of both officers and men. The *Canopus* had not been engaged. But a narrative of the preceding events may now be appropriate.

Vice-Admiral the Graf Maximilian von Spee was in command, at the outbreak of hostilities, of the German China fleet stationed at Tsing Tau. A successor, indeed, had been appointed, and was on the way to relieve him. But just before war was declared von Spee and his squadron steamed off into the open seas. To remain at Tsing Tau while vastly superior forces were closing in upon him would be to little purpose. Commerce raiding offered a field for rendering valuable service to the Fatherland. The *Emden* was dispatched to the southern seas. The *Leipzig* and the *Nürnberg* proceeded across the Pacific, and began to prey upon the western coast of South America. Half the maritime trade of Chili was carried in English ships. Many of them might be seized and destroyed at little risk. The Admiral, with his two remaining vessels, the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, successfully evaded the hostile fleets for some time. On September 14 he touched at Apia, in German Samoa, familiar to readers of Robert Louis Stevenson. It could be remembered how, fifteen years before, this colony, shortly to fall before a New Zealand expeditionary force, had been a bone of contention between Great Britain and Germany. Captain Sturdee, whom von Spee was soon to meet in more arduous

operations, had on that occasion commanded the British force in the tribal warfare. Eight days later, on September 22, the two German cruisers arrived off Papeete, in Tahiti, one of the loveliest of Pacific islands. A small disarmed French gunboat lying there was sunk, and the town was bombarded. The Admiral, planning a concentration of German ships, then steamed east across the Pacific. He got into touch with friendly vessels. By skilful manœuvring he finally brought five warships, with colliers, together near Valparaiso.

The German ships were all of recent construction. The *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* were armoured cruisers of 11,600 tons. The *Leipzig*, the *Nürnberg*, and the *Dresden* were light cruisers of about 3,500 tons. The armament of the larger vessels included eight 8.2-inch and six 6-inch guns. The smaller relied upon either ten or twelve 4-inch pieces. Each ship carried torpedo tubes, and the speed of each was about twenty-two or twenty-three knots an hour. The *Dresden*, however, could go to twenty-seven knots. The squadron possessed all-important allies. Several German merchant-marine companies, notably the *Kosmos*, plied along the Chilian coast. The tonnage of their vessels, indeed, amounted to no less than half that of the English companies. The advance of German enterprise in Chili in recent years had been very marked. Von Spee's great stumbling-block was coal. The laws of war prevented him from sending more than three of his warships into a neutral port at the same time, from staying there more than twenty-four hours, from taking more coal than was necessary to reach the nearest German harbour, from coaling again for three months at a port of the same nationality. But if German merchantmen, hampered by no such restrictions,

could constantly renew his supplies, the difficulty of fuel could be to some extent met. Provisions and secret information as to British movements could also be obtained through the same source. Such employment of merchantmen, however, being contrary to international law, would have to be clandestine. The great Pacific coast offered numerous harbours and abundant facilities for being utilized as a base under such conditions. It showed many historic precedents for bold and adventurous exploits which could not fail to appeal to an admiral whose family, ennobled by the Emperor Charles VI, took pride in its ancient and aristocratic lineage. The occasion seemed opportune, moreover, for the accomplishment, by himself, his officers, and men, of deeds which should inspire their posterity as British naval traditions, for lack of other, at present inspired them. They could recall how, on this very coast, in 1578-9, Drake, the master raider, had seized a Spanish treasure-ship off Valdivia, had descended like a hawk upon Callao, had pounced upon another great galleon, taking nearly a million pounds in gold and silver; and how the intrepid mariner, sailing off into the unknown ocean, had circumnavigated the globe, while the furious de Toledo waited, with eleven warships, in the Straits of Magellan. Why, indeed, should not the Germans imitate, in the twentieth century, the deeds of Drake in the sixteenth? If they preyed ruthlessly upon English merchantmen, laden with the wealth of the West, if they made a descent upon the Falkland Islands, if then they were to disappear into the wide Pacific, a career of splendid adventure and of unbounded usefulness would earn for them both the respect and the plaudits of the world. Australian and Japanese warships were sweeping the eastern Pacific

for them. Many British vessels, called from useful employment elsewhere, would have to join in the search for them. But so vast was the area that they might elude their enemies for months. British ships were already cruising near the Horn, possibly unaware that a concentration of the Germans had been effected. It was not unlikely that von Spee might be able to cut off and to destroy stray units of the patrolling squadrons. The Graf could see many opportunities of serving effectively the cause of the Fatherland. He must utilize them to the full.

Sir Christopher Cradock, meanwhile, had rounded the Horn once more, and was cruising northwards up the coast of Chili. That coast, indeed, once the haunt of corsairs and filibusters, was rich in historic associations and in natural beauties. An element of grandeur and of mystery seemed to hover around the countless ridges and peaks of the Andes, stretching, with the gleam of their eternal snows, for four thousand miles, and gazing down across the illimitable waters of the occident. Upon the plateaux, miles above sea level, stood old stone temples and pyramids which rivalled in massiveness and ingenuity those of Egypt and of Babylon. The student of ancient civilizations could trace, in the mystic deities of the Incas and Araucanians, a strange similarity to the deities of the Chaldeans and Babylonians. Speculation upon this analogy formed a fascinating theme. This coast, too, was sacred to memories that could not but be dear to sailors as gallant and daring as Cradock, since his services in China, in 1900, was known to be. Among other familiar British names, Cochrane, Lord Dundonald, had won enduring glory in the struggle for Chilian independence, nearly a hundred years before. The conditions of naval warfare had, indeed, through the

introduction of armour and the perfection of weapons, radically changed since Cochrane, in a series of singularly audacious exploits, had overcome the fleets of Spain. Sea-fighting had become purely a matter of science. The object of strategy was to concentrate faster ships and more powerful guns against weaker force. The odds with which Cradock was to contend against the Germans were greater in proportion, if less in bulk, than the odds with which Cochrane had contended, with his peasant crews and his hulks, against the Spanish 'wooden-walls'. Admiral Cradock now knew that there were two more cruisers in the neighbourhood than had at first been supposed. The *Canopus* had accordingly been sent to join his squadron. But she was a battleship, and much slower than the cruisers. She could travel no faster than at eighteen knots. Cradock proceeded northwards, ahead of the *Canopus*, made a rendezvous off Concepcion Bay for his colleagues, and went into Coronel and on to Valparaiso to pick up news and receive letters. The squadron then returned to the rendezvous and coaled. This completed, the Admiral directed the *Glasgow* to proceed again to Coronel to dispatch certain cables. Captain Luce duly carried out his mission, and left Coronel at nine o'clock on Sunday morning, November 1, steaming northwards to rejoin the other ships. A gale was rising. The wind was blowing strongly from the south. Heavy seas continually buffeted the vessel. At two o'clock a wireless signal was received from the *Good Hope*. Apparently from wireless calls there was an enemy ship to northward. The squadron must spread out in line, proceeding in a direction north-east-by-east, the flagship forming one extremity, the *Glasgow* the other. It was to move at fifteen knots. At twenty minutes past

four in the afternoon, smoke was observed upon the horizon. The *Glasgow* put on speed and approached. Officers soon made out the funnels of four cruisers. It was the enemy. The Germans, their big armoured cruisers leading, and the smaller behind, gave chase.

The *Glasgow* swept round to northward, calling to the flagship with her wireless. Von Spee, anticipating this move, at once set his wireless in operation, in order to jamb the British signals. Captain Luce soon picked up the *Monmouth* and the *Otranto*, and the three ships raced northwards towards the flagship, the *Glasgow* leading. At about five o'clock the *Good Hope* was seen approaching. The three ships wheeled into line behind her, and the whole squadron now proceeded south. Von Spee, coming up from that direction in line ahead, about twelve miles off, changed his course and also proceeded south, keeping nearer to the coast. The wind was now blowing almost with the force of a hurricane. So heavy was the sea that small boats would have been unable to keep afloat. But the sky was not completely overcast, and the sun was shining. Firing had not opened. The washing of the seas and the roaring of the wind deafened the ear to other sounds. The warship of to-day, when her great turbines are whirling round at their highest speed, moves without throb and almost without vibration through the waves. The two squadrons, drawing level, the Germans nearer to the coast, raced in the teeth of the gale, in two parallel lines, to the south.

Sir Christopher Cradock could not but realize that the situation was hazardous. He had three vessels capable of fighting men-of-war. The *Otranto* was only an armed liner, and must withdraw when the battle developed. The *Good Hope* displaced some 14,000 tons, and was

armed with two 9·2-inch and sixteen 6-inch guns. The *Monmouth*, with a tonnage of 9,800, carried fourteen 6-inch pieces, but the *Glasgow*, a ship of 4,800 tons, had only two of the 6-inch weapons. It was certain that the German 8·2-inch guns, if the shooting was at all good, would be found to outrange and outclass the British. Cradock was certainly at a disadvantage in gun-power. His protective armour was weaker than that of the enemy. Nor did his speed give him any superiority. Though the *Glasgow* was capable of twenty-six knots, the flagship and the *Monmouth* could only go to twenty-three. But there was another consideration which the Admiral might weigh. Coming slowly up from the south, but probably still a considerable distance off, was the battleship *Canopus*. Her presence would give the British a decided preponderance. She was a vessel of some 13,000 tons, and her armament included four 12-inch and twelve 6-inch pieces. How far was she away? How soon could she arrive upon the scene? Evening was closing in. Cradock was steering hard in her direction. If the British, engaging the enemy immediately, could keep them in play throughout the night, when firing must necessarily be desultory, perhaps morning would bring the *Canopus* hastening into the action. It was possible that the Germans did not know of her proximity. They might, accepting the contest, and expecting to cripple the British next morning at their leisure, find themselves trapped. But in any case they should not be allowed to proceed without some such attempt being made to destroy them. It must not be said that, because the enemy was in greater force, a British squadron had taken to flight. Perhaps it would be better, since darkness would afford little opportunity of manœuvring for action, to draw nearer and to

engage fairly soon. It was about a quarter past six. The Germans were about 15,000 yards distant. Cradock ordered the speed of his squadron to seventeen knots. He then signalled by wireless to the *Canopus*, 'I am going to attack enemy now'.

The sun was setting. The western horizon was mantled by a canopy of gold. Von Spee's manœuvre in closing in nearer to the shore had placed him in an advantageous position as regards the light. The British ships, when the sun had set, were sharply outlined against the glowing sky. The Germans were partly hidden in the failing light and by the mountainous coast. The island of Santa Maria, off Coronel, lay in the distance. Von Spee had been gradually closing to within 12,000 yards. The appropriate moment for engaging seemed to be approaching. A few minutes after sunset, about seven o'clock, the leading German cruiser opened fire with her largest guns. Shells shrieked over and short of the *Good Hope*, some falling within five hundred yards. As battle was now imminent, the *Otranto* began to haul out of line, and to edge away to the south-west. The squadrons were converging rapidly, but the smaller cruisers were as yet out of range. The British replied in quick succession to the German fire. As the distance lessened, each ship engaged that opposite in the line. The *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* had to bear the brunt of the broadsides of the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*. The *Glasgow*, in the rear, exchanged shots with the light cruisers, the *Leipzig* and the *Dresden*. The shooting was deadly. The third of the rapid salvos of the enemy armoured cruisers set the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth* afire. Shells began to find their mark, some exploding overhead and bursting in all directions. In about ten minutes the *Monmouth* sheered off the line to westward

about one hundred yards. She was being hit heavily. Her foremost turret, shielding one of her 6-inch guns, was in flames. She seemed to be reeling and shaking. She fell back into line, however, and then out again to eastward, her 6-inch guns roaring intermittently. Darkness was now gathering fast. The range had narrowed to about 5,000 yards. The seven ships were all in action. Many shells striking the sea sent up columns of white spray, showing weirdly in the twilight. It was an impressive scene. The dim light, the heavy seas, the rolling of the vessels, distracted the aim. Some of the guns upon the main decks, being near the water-line, became with each roll almost awash. The British could fire only at the flashes of the enemy's guns. Often the heavy head seas hid even the flashes from the gunlayers. It was impossible to gauge the effect of their shells. The fore-turret of the *Good Hope* burst into flames, and she began to fall away out of line towards the enemy. The *Glasgow* kept up a continual fire upon the German light cruisers with one of her 6-inch guns and her port batteries. A shell struck her below deck, and men waited for the planks to rise. No explosion nor fire, however, occurred. But the British flagship was now burning brightly forward, and was falling more and more out of line to eastward. It was about a quarter to eight. Suddenly there was the roar of an explosion. The part about the *Good Hope's* after-funnel split asunder, and a column of flame, sparks, and debris was blown up to a height of about two hundred feet. She never fired her guns again. Total destruction must have followed. Sir Christopher Cradock and nine hundred brave sailors went down in the stormy deep. The other ships raced past her in the darkness. The *Monmouth* was in great distress. She left the line

after a while, and turned back, steaming with difficulty to north-west. She had ceased firing. The vessels had been travelling at a rate which varied from seven to seventeen knots. The *Glasgow*, now left alone, eased her speed in order to avoid shells intended for the *Monmouth*. The Germans dropped slowly back. The *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* now concentrated their salvos upon the *Glasgow*. The range was about 4,500 yards. A shell struck the second funnel: five others hit her side at the waterline, but fortunately not in dangerous places. Luce, her captain, since the flagship was no more, was senior officer. He brought his vessel round and moved rapidly back.

The *Monmouth* had now fallen away to a north-easterly course. Luce stood by signalling, Could she steer north-west? She was making water badly forward, Captain Brandt answered, and he wanted to get stern to sea. The enemy were following, Luce signalled again. There was no reply. The *Glasgow* steamed nearer. The *Monmouth* was in a sinking condition. Her bows were under water, and the men were assembled at the stern. The sea was running very high. Rain and mist had come on, though a moon was now rising. The enemy had altered course, and were approaching in line abreast about 6,000 yards away. A light kept twinkling at regular intervals from one of the ships. They were signalling in Morse, and evidently were forming plans of action. Firing was still proceeding intermittently. It was about half-past eight. Captain Luce could see nothing for it but to abandon the *Monmouth* to her fate. To rescue her crew, under such conditions, was impossible, while to stand by and endeavour to defend her would be folly. The *Glasgow* was not armoured, and could not contend with

armoured vessels. Of the two guns she possessed capable of piercing the enemy's armour, one had been put out of action ten minutes after the start. If she stayed and fought to the end, 370 good lives, in addition to the sufficiently heavy toll of 1,600 in the *Good Hope* and the *Monmouth*, would be needlessly sacrificed. The *Canopus*, moreover, must be warned. She was coming up from the south to sure destruction. She could hardly be expected successfully to combat the whole German squadron. Nevertheless, it must have been with heavy hearts that the men of the *Glasgow* turned away to seek safety in flight. It is recorded that, as they moved off into the darkness, a cheer broke forth from the *Monmouth's* decks. Before the sinking vessel became lost to sight another and a third went up. At about a quarter past nine the *Nürnberg*, which had not been engaged in the main action, came across the *Monmouth*. It is said that, though in a sinking condition, the British ship attempted to ram her enemy. But the *Nürnberg* began to bombard her, and she capsized.

The *Glasgow* steamed off in a north-westerly direction. A few minutes before nine the enemy became lost to sight. Half an hour later many distant flashes of gunfire, the death-struggle of the *Monmouth*, were seen. The play of a searchlight, which lasted a few seconds and then disappeared, was also observed. The vessel bore round gradually to the south. Her wireless was put into operation, and she made efforts to get through to the *Canopus*. But the Germans had again set their apparatus in motion, and the messages were jammed. Only after some hours was the *Glasgow* successful. Steaming hard at twenty-four knots through the heavy seas, her engines and boilers fortunately being

intact, she at length joined the battleship. The two ships made straight for the Falkland Islands.

The news of the disaster stirred great alarm in the colony. Before the day on which the ships arrived was out the dismay was further increased. The *Canopus* at first expected to stay ten days. Her presence provided substantial relief. If the enemy appeared, she and even the damaged *Glasgow* could give a very good account of themselves. But during the morning Captain Grant of the *Canopus* received a wireless message from the Admiralty. He was to proceed immediately to Rio de Janeiro with the *Glasgow*. The Brazilian Government had granted the latter permission to enter the dry dock there to make urgent repairs. But seven days only were allowed for this purpose. In the evening the warships cast off and steamed away to northward.

Stanley was now in an unenviable situation. A powerful German squadron, flushed with victory, was probably making for the Islands. The colony was almost defenceless. All the opposition that the enemy would meet would be from a few hundred volunteers. A wireless message that came through emphasised the imminence of the danger. Warnings and instructions were outlined. If the enemy landed, the volunteers were to fight. But retiring tactics must be adopted. Care should be taken to keep out of range of the enemy's big guns. The Governor at once called a council of war. There could be little doubt that a descent would be made upon the colony. The position was full of peril. But resistance must certainly be offered. The few women, children, and old men who still remained at Stanley must be sent away immediately. Fortunately the time of year was propitious. November is, indeed, in the Falklands

considered the only dry month. The ground is then covered with a variety of sweet-scented flowers. Further, all the stores it was possible to remove must be taken into the 'camp'. Quantities of provisions must be hidden away at various points within reach of the town. In order to add to the mobility of the defending force, it would be well to bring in another hundred horses from the 'camp'. Every man should be mounted. These measures were duly carried out. Every preparation was made and every precaution taken. Everybody began to pack up boxes of goods. Clothes, stores, and valuables were all taken away to safety. Books, papers, and money were removed from the Government offices, and from the headquarters of the Falkland Islands Company. What was not sent away was buried. The official papers and code-books were buried every night, and dug up and dried every morning. The Governor's tablecloths gave rise to much anxiety. It was thought, since they were marked 'G. R.', they would be liable to insult by the Germans. They were accordingly buried. This conscientious loyalty, however, proved costly. The Governor's silver, wrapped in green baize, was, unfortunately, placed in the same hole. The tablecloths became mixed up with the baize. The damp got through, and the linen was badly stained. There was a feeling that the attack would come at dawn. People sat up all night, and only went to bed when morning was well advanced. All offices were closed and business was suspended. This state of tension lasted several days. At length, from the look-out post above the town, a warship, apparently a cruiser, was seen making straight for the wireless station. When she got within range she turned broadside on. Her decks were cleared for action.

There was a call to arms. Church and dockyard

bells pealed out the alarm. Non-combatants streamed out of the town into the 'camp'. The volunteers paraded, and lined up with their horses. It would soon become a question whether to resist a landing or to retire. In any event the men were ready and provided with emergency rations. But no firing sounded. Signals were exchanged between the vessel and the shore. It was a false alarm. The newcomer was H.M.S. *Canopus*.

She had proceeded, in accordance with her orders, towards Rio de Janeiro with the *Glasgow*. When two days' journey off her destination, however, she received another message. She was directed to return and to defend the Falklands in case of attack. These instructions were received with mingled feelings. To fight alone a powerful squadron was by no means an attractive prospect. Duty, however, was duty. The *Canopus* turned about, and retraced her passage. She set her wireless in operation, and tried to get through to Stanley. But for some reason she was unable to do so. It was concluded that the Germans had made a raid and had destroyed the wireless station. Probably they had occupied the town. The outlook seemed serious. The *Canopus* had her instructions, however, and there was no drawing back. The decks were cleared for action. Ammunition was served out. Guns were loaded and trained. With every man at his post the ship steamed at full speed into the harbour. Great was the relief when it was found that all was well.

The inhabitants were not less relieved. The presence of the battleship was felt to add materiality to the security of the town. The Germans would probably hesitate before attacking a ship of her size. If they sustained damage involving loss of fighting efficiency, there was no harbour they could turn to for repair,

except so far as their seaworthiness was affected. Nevertheless, it was almost certain that some raid upon the Islands would be attempted. Guns were landed from the ship, and measures were taken to make the defence as effective as possible. Perhaps if the enemy blockaded Stanley, the British would be able to hold out until other warships, certain to be sent to avenge the defeat, arrived. Relief could hardly be expected for two or three weeks. The Falklands formed a very distant corner of the Empire. It was doubtful, indeed, whether even the ubiquitous German spy had penetrated to these remote and barren shores. It could, however, be recalled that, in 1882, a German expedition had landed on South Georgia, a dependent island of the Falklands, eight hundred miles to their south-east, to observe the transit of Venus. Upon that same island, indeed, another and a quite unsuspecting expedition had landed, early in that very month, November. Sir Ernest Shackleton, the explorer, had left Buenos Ayres on the morning of October 26, on his way across the antarctic continent. His little vessel of 230 tons, the *Endurance*, passed through the war zone in safety, and reached South Georgia on November 5. He remained for about a month before leaving for the lonely tracts for which his little party was bound. The island was his last link with civilization. Though sub-antarctic, it possessed features as up-to-date as electric-light, universal even in pigsties and henhouses. And the march of man, it was observed, had introduced the familiar animals of the farmyard, and even a monkey, into a region whose valleys, destitute of tree or shrub, lay clothed with perpetual snow.

Meanwhile, November passed into December without any appearance of the Germans off the Falklands. The

tension became very much relieved. Women and children were brought back to Stanley, after being away a month or six weeks. Messages emanating from the hostile squadron, registered by the wireless station, indicated that the enemy were still in the vicinity. But the condition of the colony became again almost normal. The relief and security were complete when, at length, on Monday, December 7, a powerful British squadron, under Vice-Admiral Sir Doveton Sturdee, arrived at Port Stanley. There were seven warships, besides the *Canopus*. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* had left Plymouth on November 11, and had proceeded to the West Indies. Their mission was to avenge Coronel. They had picked up at Albatross Rock the *Carnarvon*, *Cornwall*, *Bristol*, *Kent*, *Glasgow*, now repaired, and *Macedonia*, an armed liner. All had then steamed southwards towards the Falklands. The vessels started coaling. Officers came ashore to stretch their legs. Certain stores were laid in. It was anticipated that the squadron would depart in search of the enemy on the evening of the following day. That search might, indeed, be a matter of months. Early next morning, December 8, at about eight o'clock, a volunteer observer posted on Sapper's Hill, two miles from Stanley, sighted two vessels upon the horizon. Twenty minutes later the smoke of two others came into view in the same direction. They were soon recognized as German cruisers. The excitement was intense. The news was immediately carried to the authorities. It was hastily signalled to the fleet. Most of the ships were at anchor in Port William, the outer entrance to Port Stanley. Some of the naval officers were aroused from their repose. It is recorded that, upon hearing the news, the flag-lieutenant dashed down to Admiral Sturdee's cabin, clad in his

pyjamas. Sir Doveton was shaving. The lieutenant poured forth his information. 'Well,' said the Admiral, dryly, 'you had better go and get dressed. We'll see about it later.'¹

The Graf von Spee had, meanwhile, after the Battle of Coronel, been devoting himself to harrying maritime commerce. The Falklands could wait for the present. Since the beginning of hostilities the work of his light cruisers had been moderately successful. The *Nürnberg* had cut the cable between Bamfield, British Columbia, and Fanning Island. The *Leipzig* had accounted for at least four British merchantmen, and the *Dresden* for at least two more. The armed liner *Eitel Friedrich* had also achieved some success. Several traders had had narrow escapes. The Chilian coast was in a state of blockade to British vessels, the ports being crowded with shipping that hesitated to venture forth into the danger zone. The Germans were masters of the Pacific and South Atlantic trade routes. The Straits of Magellan and the Horn formed a great waterway of commerce, which for sailing vessels was, indeed, the only eastern outlet from the Pacific. But completely as he had the situation in hand, von Spee was experiencing increasing problems and difficulties with regard to supplies of coal and provisions. Without these he was impotent. He had been employing German merchantmen to great advantage for refueling. But trouble was brewing with the Chilian authorities. Many signs were leading the latter to suspect that, contrary to international

¹ The writer cannot vouch for the truth of this anecdote, which he merely records as given in a letter published in the press. But the source from which it was taken, together with many of the preceding details of the condition of Stanley during the period of tension, has proved so accurate in essential points of fact, that their insertion seems justifiable.

law, German traders were loading at Chilian ports cargoes of coal and provisions, contraband of war, and were transferring them at sea to the German warships. There were other causes of complaint. Juan Fernandez, the isle of romance and of mystery, the home of the original of Robinson Crusoe, was said to have been degraded into use as a base for apportioning the booty, coals and victuals, among the belligerent vessels. The island was a Chilian possession. It was practically certain that von Spee's squadron had stayed there beyond the legal limit of time. A French merchantman had, contrary to rule, also been sunk there by the *Dresden*, within Chilian territorial waters. Inquiries in other quarters were being made, moreover, as to the friendly wireless stations which the Germans had been utilizing secretly in Colombia and Ecuador; while a rumour was current in the United States, that neutral vessels had been seized and pillaged on the high seas. Von Spee soon found that he was nearing the end even of his illegitimate resources. He had tried the patience of the Chilian authorities too far. About the middle of November they suddenly prohibited, as a provisional measure, the vessels of the Kosmos Company from leaving any Chilian port. On November 24 a Government ship was sent to Juan Fernandez to investigate, and to see that Chilian neutrality was upheld. Many such signs seemed to warn von Spee that the time was appropriate to a sudden disappearance. He gathered his squadron for a descent at last upon the Falklands. His plans must be, not merely for a raid, but for an occupation. There were probably two or three small ships there. They should be sunk. The wireless station must be destroyed. The Islands, after a landing had been effected and the defence reduced, could be used

as a base for the German operations. There were large quantities of coal and stores at Stanley. The harbour possessed facilities for refitting. To dislodge a strong German naval force, with adequate guns, placed in occupation of the colony, would be a difficult task for the enemy. The Falklands had many possibilities. According to von Spee's information they were feebly defended and would fall an easy prey. At length, early in the morning of December 8, the Admiral brought his fleet off Stanley. His five cruisers approached from the south. They were, of course, observed. A warning gun, probably from one of the small ships which he would shortly sink, sounded the alarm inside the harbour. There was no need, however, for haste. At twenty minutes past nine the *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* moved towards the wireless station, and brought their guns to bear upon it. But suddenly from inside the harbour there came the thunder of a big gun. Five shells, of very heavy calibre, screamed in quick succession from over the low-lying land. One of the vessels was struck. Surprise and bewilderment took the Germans. This was most unexpected. The *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* hastily retired out of range.

Sir Doveton and his fleet, meanwhile, had gone to breakfast. Steam for full speed was got up as rapidly as possible. Coaling operations had recommenced at 6.30 that morning. The colliers were hurriedly cast off, and the decks were cleared for action. Officers and men were delighted at the prospect of an early fight. The Germans had saved them a long cold search around the Horn by calling for them. There was going to be no mistake this time. The enemy could not escape. Sturdee's squadron was superior both in weight and

speed to the German. It consisted of two battle-cruisers of over 17,000 tons, the *Invincible* and *Inflexible*; of three cruisers of about 10,000 tons, the *Carnarvon*, *Kent*, and *Cornwall*; and of two light cruisers of 4,800 tons, the *Glasgow* and *Bristol*. The primary armament of the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* was eight 12-inch guns; of the *Carnarvon*, four 7.5-inch; of the *Kent* and *Cornwall*, fourteen 6-inch; of the *Glasgow* and *Bristol*, two 6-inch. The speed of the battle-cruisers was twenty-eight knots; of the three middle-class cruisers, twenty-two to twenty-four knots; and of the light cruisers, twenty-five to twenty-six knots. In size, in armament, in speed, the British squadron would decidedly preponderate. Admiral Sturdee, however, though confident of victory, was determined to take no risks, and to minimize loss in men and material by making full use of his superior long-range gunfire, and of his superior speed. He would wait, screened by the land, until the Germans had drawn nearer. Everything should be got ready carefully. Undue excitement was to be deprecated. Meanwhile, he watched the enemy closely. At about a quarter to nine, Captain Grant of the *Canopus* reported that the first two ships sighted were now about eight miles away: the other two were still at a distance of some twenty miles. The *Kent* passed down the harbour and took up a position at the entrance. Five minutes later the smoke of a fifth German vessel was observed. When, in about half an hour's time, the two leading enemy ships made a threatening move in the direction of the wireless station, the Admiral ordered a swift counterstroke. Officers upon the hills above the town signalled the range, 11,000 yards, to the *Canopus*. She opened fire with her 12-inch guns. The Germans hoisted their colours and drew back.

Their masts and smoke were now visible from the upper bridge of the *Invincible* across the low land bounding Port William on the south. Within a few minutes the two cruisers altered course and made for the harbour-mouth. Here the *Kent* lay stationed. It seemed that the Germans were about to engage her. As, however, they approached, the masts and funnels of two large ships at anchor within the port became visible to them. The *Gneisenau* and the *Nürnberg* could hardly expect to contend alone with this force. They at once changed their direction, and moved back at increased speed to join their consorts.

The morning was gloriously fine. The sun shone brightly, the sky was clear, the sea was calm, and a breeze blew lightly from the north-west. It was one of the rare bright stretches that visit the Islands, for usually rain falls, mostly in misty drizzles, on about 250 days in the year. At twenty minutes to ten the *Glasgow* weighed anchor, and joined the *Kent* at the harbour-mouth. Five minutes later the rest of the squadron weighed, and began to steam out. The battleship *Canopus*, her speed making her unsuitable for a chase, was left in harbour. The *Bristol* and the *Macedonia* also remained behind for the present. By a dexterous use of oil fuel the two battle-cruisers were kept shrouded as much as possible in dense clouds of smoke. The enemy for some time could not gauge their size. But as vessel after vessel emerged, Admiral von Spee grew uneasy. The English were in altogether unexpected strength. His squadron could not cope with such force. He had played into the enemy's hands, and unless he could outspeed their ships, the game was up. Without hesitation, he steamed off at high speed to eastward. The British followed, steaming

at fifteen to eighteen knots. The enemy, to their south-east, were easily visible. At twenty past ten an order for a general chase was signalled. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* quickly drew to the fore. The Germans were roughly in line abreast, 20,000 yards, or some eleven miles, ahead. The morning sunlight, the gleaming seas, the grey warships, white foam springing from their bows, tearing at high speed through the waves, formed a magnificent spectacle. Crowds of the inhabitants of Stanley gathered upon the hills above the town to view the chase. The excitement and enthusiasm were intense. The vessels were in sight about two hours. At about a quarter past eleven it was reported from a point in the south of East Falkland that three other German ships were in sight. They were probably colliers or transports. The *Bristol* signalled the information to Admiral Sturdee. He at once ordered her, with the armed liner *Macedonia*, to hasten in their direction and destroy them. The newcomers made off to south-west, and the British followed. Meanwhile, the rest of the squadron, now travelling at twenty-three knots, were slowly closing upon the enemy. The distance had narrowed to 15-16,000 yards. The British were within striking range. Nevertheless, Sturdee decided to wait till after dinner before engaging. His guns could outdistance those of the enemy. It would be advisable for him to keep at long range. The Germans, on the other hand, would be forced, when firing commenced, to alter course and draw in, in order to bring their own guns into play. The men had their midday meal at twelve o'clock as usual. It is said that comfortable time was allowed afterwards for a smoke. The *Invincible*, *Inflexible*, and *Glasgow* at about 12.30 increased their speed to between twenty-five

and twenty-eight knots, and went on ahead. Just after a quarter to one there was a signal from the Admiral: 'Open fire and engage the enemy.' A few minutes later there were sharp commands. The ranges were signalled, and the bigger guns were laid. Fiery glares and dense clouds of smoke burst suddenly from their muzzles. The air quivered with their thunder. Shells went screaming in the direction of the nearest light cruiser, the *Leipzig*, which was dropping rapidly astern. The firing was uncomfortably accurate. The three smaller German cruisers very soon left the line, and made an attempt, veering off to the south, to scatter and escape. Flame and smoke issued from the *Leipzig*, before she drew clear, where a shell had struck. Sir Doveton Sturdee directed the *Glasgow*, *Kent*, and *Cornwall* to pursue the German light cruisers. With his remaining vessels, the *Invincible*, the *Inflexible*, and the slower *Carnarvon*, he turned upon the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau*, and began operations in earnest.

The interval of sunlight which had opened the day with such promise was of short duration. The sky became overcast. Soon after four o'clock the air was thick with rain-mist. From 1.15 onwards for three hours a fierce duel was maintained between the two British battle-cruisers and the two German armoured cruisers. The enemy made every effort to get away. They replied to the British fire for some time, having dropped back to within 13,500 yards. But shortly after two o'clock they changed their course, and began to haul out to south-east. The *Invincible* and the *Inflexible* had eased their speed, and the range now widened by about 3,000 yards. A second chase ensued. A full-rigged sailing-ship appeared in the distance at about a quarter to three. Her crew must have beheld

an awe-inspiring scene. Shortly before the hour firing recommenced. The action began to develop. Great coolness and efficiency were shown on board the British vessels. Every man was at his battle-station, behind armour. Fire-control parties were at their instruments. Water from numerous hoses was flooding the decks as a precaution against fire. The roaring of the discharges, the screaming of the shells, the clangour of metal upon metal, the crashes of the explosions, made up a tumult that was painful in its intensity. During intervals in the firing came the rushing of the waves and of the breeze, and the grinding and grunting of the hydraulic engines in the turrets, where swung, training constantly upon the enemy, the greater guns. The Germans soon began to show signs of distress. The *Scharnhorst* particularly suffered. Dense clouds of smoke, making it difficult for the British accurately to gauge the damage, rose from her decks. Shells rending her side disclosed momentarily the dull red glow of flame. She was burning fiercely. The firing on both sides was deadly, though the German had slackened considerably. But the British vessels, through their preponderance in gunfire, suffered little damage. Their 12-inch guns hit their marks constantly, while the 8.2-inch guns of the *Scharnhorst* were accurate, but ineffective. She veered to starboard at about 3.30, to bring into play her starboard batteries. Both her masts and three of her four funnels were shot away. At length the German flagship began to settle down rapidly in the waters. It was about a quarter past four. There was a swirl of the seas and a rush of steam and smoke. The *Scharnhorst* disappeared. She went down with her flag flying to an ocean grave, bearing 760 brave men and a gallant admiral, whose name will deservedly

rank high in the annals of German naval history. The *Gneisenau* passed on the far side of her sunken flagship. With the guns of both battle-cruisers now bearing upon her alone, the German was soon in sore straits. But she fought on gallantly for a considerable time. At half-past five she had ceased firing, and appeared to be sinking. She had suffered severe damage. Smoke and steam were rising everywhere. Her bridge had been shot away. Her foremost funnel was resting against the second. Her upper deck was so shattered that it could not be crossed, and every man upon it had been killed. An exploding shell had hurled one of the gun-turrets bodily overboard. Fire was raging aft. Her colours had been shot away several times, and hoisted as often. One of the flags was hauled down at about twenty to six, though that at the peak was still flying. She began to fire again with a single gun. The *Invincible*, the *Inflexible*, and the *Carnarvon*, which had now come up, closed in upon the doomed vessel. Firing was recommenced. The *Gneisenau* was not moving. Both her engines were smashed. Shells striking the water near her sent up colossal columns of water, which, falling upon the ship, put out some of the fires. She soon began to settle down in the waves. All her guns were now out of action, and Sturdee ordered the 'Cease fire'. There could be little doubt that her stubborn resistance was nearing its end. The German commander lined up his men on the decks. The ammunition was exhausted. The ship would soon go down. Some six hundred men had already been killed. The survivors had better provide themselves with articles for their support in the water. At six o'clock the *Gneisenau* heeled over suddenly. Clouds of steam sprang forth. Her stem swung up into the

air, and she sank. Large numbers of her crew could be seen floating in the icy waves, hanging on to pieces of wreckage, and uttering terribly uncanny cries. The sea was choppy. Drizzling rain was falling. The British steamed up immediately. All undamaged boats were got out. Ropes were lowered. Lifebuoys and spars were thrown to the drowning men. But many of them, numbed by the freezing water, let go their hold and sank. About 180, among them the captain of the *Gneisenau*, were saved. It is said that much agreeable surprise, upon the discovery that their anticipations of being shot would not be realized, was manifested by the German sailors.

Meanwhile, battle had been in progress elsewhere. The *Bristol* and the *Macedonia* had overtaken the transports *Baden* and *Santa Isabel*, had captured their crews, and had sunk the ships. The armed liner accompanying them, the *Eitel Friedrich*, had, however, made off and got away by means of her superior speed. The *Kent*, *Glasgow*, and *Cornwall* had pursued the German light cruisers in a southerly direction. The *Dresden*, the fastest, proved too speedy a vessel to overtake. She was ahead of her consorts, upon either quarter, and made her escape whilst they were being engaged. The *Kent* gave chase to the *Nürnberg*. The *Glasgow*, in pursuit of the *Leipzig*, raced ahead of the *Cornwall*, and by about three o'clock in the afternoon had closed sufficiently, within 12,000 yards, to open fire with her foremost guns. The German ship turned every now and then to fire a salvo. Soon a regular battle began which was maintained for some hours. Shells fell all around the *Glasgow*. There were several narrow escapes, but the casualties were few. Shortly after six a wireless message was received from Admiral Sturdee,

announcing that the *Scharnhorst* and the *Gneisenau* had been sunk. A cheer surged up, and the men set to work with renewed spirits and energy. The *Cornwall* had come up some time before, and the *Leipzig* was now severely damaged. But she fought on for three more hours. Darkness came on. The German cruiser began to burn fore and aft. It was nine o'clock before she at last turned over and sank.

The British vessels had, during the course of the action, steamed miles apart, and far out of sight of land. During the evening and night they began to get into touch with one another and with Stanley by means of their wireless. All the ships except the *Kent* were accounted for, and reported all well. But no reply was forthcoming to the numerous calls, 'Kent, Kent, Kent', that were sent out. She had, in chase of the *Nürnberg*, lost all touch with the rest of the squadron. There was great uneasiness. It was feared that she had been lost. The other ships were directed to search for her, and for the *Nürnberg* and the *Dresden*. Late in the afternoon of the following day, however, she entered Stanley harbour safely. Her wireless had been destroyed, but she had sunk the *Nürnberg*, after a very stern struggle. The German captain, Schönberg, is reported, indeed, to have said at Honolulu, 'The *Nürnberg* will very likely be our coffin. But we are ready to fight to the last'. He had fought and died true to his words. The German ship was ordinarily more than a knot faster than the British. But the engineers and stokers of the *Kent* rose magnificently to the occasion. Fuel was piled high. Her engines were strained to the utmost. Soon she was speeding through the waves at twenty-five knots a knot and a half more than her registered speed. The *Nürnberg* drew nearer. At five o'clock she was within range, and

firing was opened. A sharp action began which lasted some two and a half hours. The *Kent* was struck many times, and lost several men. She had one narrow escape. A bursting shell ignited some cordite charges, and a flash of flame went down the hoist into the ammunition passage. Some empty shell bags began to burn. But a sergeant picked up a cordite charge and hurled it out of danger. Seizing a fire hose, he flooded the compartment and extinguished the fire. A disastrous explosion, which might have proved fatal to the vessel, was thus averted. Her silken ensign and jack, presented by the ladies of Kent, were torn to ribbons. The gallant captain collected the pieces, some being caught in the rigging, and carefully preserved them. The *Nürnberg*, however, was soon in sore straits. Many shells struck her, and she was set afire. Day drew into evening, and darkness deepened. The Germans ceased firing, and the *Kent*, within about 3,000 yards, followed suit upon the enemy's colours being hauled down. The *Nürnberg* sank just before half-past seven. As she disappeared beneath the surface, men upon her quarter-deck were waving the German ensign. The *Kent*, after picking up some survivors, put about, and returned to Stanley.

Here the rest of the squadron soon gathered. Congratulatory telegrams began to pour in to Sir Doveton Sturdee. And the curtain closed, in the flush of triumph, upon the most memorable and most dramatic episode in the history of the Falklands.

One further episode remains to complete the story. The *Dresden* and the armed liner *Eitel Friedrich*, the sole survivors of the German squadron, made once more for the Pacific. They were lost sight of for many weeks. Suspicious movements and activities on the part of

German merchantmen were, however, again observed. The Government wireless station at Valparaiso intercepted messages from the *Dresden* summoning friendly vessels to bring her supplies. Persistent rumours began to be circulated that she was hiding in the inlets of southern Chili. During January, 1915, the *Eitel Friedrich* seized and destroyed six vessels, chiefly sailing-ships, some in Pacific, most in Atlantic waters. In February she accounted for four more. Towards the end of the month a British barque was sunk by the *Dresden*. The position was again rapidly becoming troublesome. The movement of British shipping on the Chilian coast had to be suspended. But the *Glasgow* and the *Kent* were on the *Dresden's* track. The *Kent* entered Coronel on March 13, coaled, and departed the same night. The *Eitel Friedrich*, meanwhile, had arrived at Newport News, a United States port, with her engines badly in need of repair. Much indignation was aroused among Americans by the announcement that one of her victims had been an American vessel. The German liner had many prisoners on board. Declarations of a resolve, if he had been caught by the British, to have sunk fighting to the last, were repeatedly and emphatically declaimed by the German captain. Five days later he learned that the *Dresden* had tamely surrendered off Juan Fernandez after a five minutes' action. The *Kent*, at nine o'clock on the morning after she had left Coronel, together with the *Glasgow* and the auxiliary cruiser *Orama*, came up with the *Dresden* near the island. A sharp encounter followed. The German cruiser was hit heavily. Fire broke out. In five minutes' time she hauled down her colours and hoisted a white flag. The crew were taken off. The *Dresden* continued to burn for some time, until finally her magazine exploded and

she sank. The German officers contended that their vessel was sunk within Chilian territorial waters. It had not hitherto been noticeable that their consciences were concerned to maintain Chilian neutrality inviolate.

The Battle of the Falkland Islands was the first decisive naval contest of the war. It removed a formidable menace to the trade routes. It relieved British convoys and transports from danger of interruption. It freed many battleships and cruisers, engaged in sweeping the oceans, for other usefulness. It gave Great Britain effective mastery of the outer seas. Henceforth German naval ambition, frustrated in its endeavour to disorganize the trade routes, was forced, within the limits of the North Sea and of British waters, to seek less adventurous but more disreputable ends. A series of bombardments of coast towns was planned. A preliminary success was followed by a galling disaster. Foiled a second time, Germany is attempting now to terrorize British waters, by deliberate submarine piracy, to all maritime commerce. Her project has elicited the protests of neutral States. It has excited no dismay among the allied nations.

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